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Drawing by Victor Mobra

PART 1

THE BOY WITH A GUN

I LAY IN BED IN THE dormitory of St John's, one of the boarding-houses of Berkhamsted School, listening to the footsteps clatter down the stone stairs to early prep and breakfast, and when the silence had safely returned I began trying to cut my right leg open with a penknife. But the knife was blunt and my nerve was too weak for the work.

I had passed thirteen and I was back in the house of my early childhood; but in those early days I had not even been aware that there existed in the same house such grim rooms as those I lived in now. There was a schoolroom with ink-stained nibbled desks insufficiently warmed by one cast-iron stove, a changing-room smelling of sweat and stale clothes, stone stairs, worn by generations of feet, leading to a dormitory divided by pitch-pine partitions that gave inadequate privacy—no moment of the night was free from noise, a cough, a snore, a fart. Years later when I read the sermon on hell in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* I recognised the land I had inhabited. I had left civilisation behind and entered a savage country of strange customs and inexplicable cruelties, a country in which I was a foreigner and a suspect, quite literally a hunted creature, known to have dubious associates.

Was my father not the headmaster? I was like the son of a quising in a country under occupation. My elder brother Raymond was a school prefect and head of the house—in other words one of Quising's collaborators. I was surrounded by the forces of the resistance, and yet I couldn't join them without betraying my father and my brother.

Though children can be abominably cruel, no physical tortures were inflicted on me. If I had possessed any skill at games I might even have won a tacit acceptance into the resistance movement, but I hated rugby only one degree less than I now hated cricket—a sport which at six years old I had loved as a game. "Runs" I enjoyed, for then I could be alone in the solitude of the countryside, and at this period of my life I loved the country. It was my natural escape-route. On the wide stretches of Berkhamsted Common, seamed with the abandoned trenches of the Inns of Court OTC among the gorse and heather, and in the Ashridge beechwoods beyond, I could dramatise my loneliness and feel I was one of John Buchan's heroes making his hidden way across the Scottish moors with every man's hand against him.

I grew clever at evasion. Truancy was impressed as the pattern of my life. To avoid fielding-practice I invented extra coaching in mathematics after school; I even named the master who I said was teaching me and curiously enough my story was never investigated. I would slip out of St John's with a book in my pocket while others were changing and make my way a little up the hill where a small lane branched off into the countryside. It was one of the most solitary



GRAHAM GREENE

recalls the agonies of his schooldays and adolescence —from his autobiography 'A Sort of Life'

lanes I have ever known; not even courting couples were to be seen there, perhaps because it was hardly wide enough for two to walk abreast. On one side was a ploughed field; on the other a ditch with a thick hawthorn hedge which was hollow in the centre and in which I could sit concealed and read my book.

The danger of discovery lent those hours a quality of excitement which was very close to momentary happiness. Scent to me is far more evocative than sound or perhaps even sight, so that I become attracted without realising it to the smell of a floor-polish or a detergent which one day I miss when I open my door and home seems no longer home. So in my sixties I seem able to smell the leaves and grasses of my hiding-place more certainly than I hear the dangerous footsteps on the path or see the countryman's boots pass by on the level of my eyes.

On Sundays we would go for walks, by order, in threes, and the names had to be filled up like a dance programme on a list which was hung up on the changing-room door. This surely must have had some moral object, though one which eludes me today when I remember how deftly the "Emperor's Crown" used to be performed by three girls at once in a brothel in Batista's Havana.

To be published by The Bodley Head on September 16 at £1.50.

Three can surely be as dangerous company as two, or were the authorities cynical enough to believe that in every three there would be one informer?

The housemaster in my first year was Mr Herbert, an old silver-haired white rabbit of a bachelor, who later became the private secretary to Lord Grey of Falloden in that statesman's blind retirement.

My only memory of him is seated at a desk in the St John's schoolroom on the first evening of my first term there, while each boy in turn submitted to him, for censorship or approval, any books he had brought from home to read. The danger was in the source—home, where dwelt unreliable and uncelibate parents. Anything in the school library was acceptable—even the inflammatory blank verse of Sir Lewis Morris from whom I later learned of the carnal loves of Helen and Cleopatra.

The methods of censorship are always curiously haphazard. In the 1950s I was to be summoned by Cardinal Griffin to Westminster Cathedral and told that my novel *The Power and the Glory*, which had been published ten years before, had been condemned by the Holy Office, and Cardinal Pizzardo required changes which I naturally—though I hope politely—refused to make. Cardinal Griffin remarked that he would have preferred it if they had condemned *The End of the Affair*. "Of course," he said, "you and I receive no harm from erotic passages, but the young..."

I told him, and it was true enough, though I had forgotten the evil influence of Sir Lewis Morris, that one of my earliest erotic experiences had been awoken by David Copperfield. Our interview at that point came abruptly to an end, and he gave me, as a parting shot, a copy of a pastoral letter which had been read in the churches of his diocese, condemning my work by implication. (Unfortunately I thought too late of asking him to autograph it.)

Later, when Pope Paul told me that among the novels of mine he had read was *The Power and the Glory*, I answered that the book he had read had been condemned by the Holy Office. His attitude was more liberal than that of Cardinal Pizzardo. "Some parts of all your books will always," he said, "offend some Catholics. You should not worry about that." A counsel which I find it easy to take.

School rules, like those of the Roman Curia, are slow to change, however temporary the ruler who inspires them may be. I think the censorship of books from home was dropped with Mr Herbert's retirement, but other relics of the government remained—the lavatories without locks, and that rule for Sunday walks which made certain that no one, under any circumstances, would ever walk dangerously alone.

But I was not a member of the resistance—I was Quising's son. I had often to go begging that my name might be included in groups who had no desire for my company, until at last, after a term or two of purgatory, I received permission from my parents to spend Sunday afternoons at home. It was a relief for which I paid dearly in my nerves—a kind of *coitus interruptus* with the civilised life of home, for as evening fell I had to rejoin my companions tramping into the school chapel and afterwards climb the hill to St John's, and then at night the stone stairs to the dormitory—where at this moment in my memory I have lamentably failed to saw open my knee.

Unhappiness in a child accumulates because he sees no end to the dark tunnel. The thirteen weeks of a term might just as well be thirteen years. The unexpected never happens. Unhappiness is a daily routine. I imagine that a man condemned to a long prison sentence feels much what particular item in the routine of a boarding-school roused this first act of rebellion—loneliness, the struggle of conflicting loyalties, the sense of continuous grime, of unlocked lavatory doors, the odour of farts (it was sexually a very pure house, there was no hint of homosexuality, but scatology was another matter, and I have disliked the lavatory joke from that age on).

The last footsteps had receded a long time ago, and I had put away the penknife. If the knife had been less blunt or my nerve had not failed, I wonder how I would have explained the cut knee. But perhaps unconsciously the whole point for me was that the act was inexplicable, like a would-be suicide's uncertain overdose of sleeping pills, something which demands prompt action from outside. Successful suicide is often only a cry for help which hasn't been heard in time.

I tried out other forms of escape after I failed to cut my leg. Once at home on the eve of term I went into the dark room by the linen-cupboard, and in that red Mephistophelean glare drank a quantity of hypo under the false impression that it was poisonous. On another occasion I drained my blue glass bottle of hay-fever drops, which, as they contained a small quantity of cocaine, were probably good for my despair. A bunch of deadly nightshade, picked and eaten on the Common, had only

a slightly narcotic effect, and once, towards the end of one holiday, I swallowed twenty aspirins before swimming in the empty school baths. (I can still remember the curious sensation of swimming through cotton wool.)

I endured that life for some eight terms—a hundred and four weeks of monotony, humiliation and mental pain. It is astonishing how tough a boy can be, but I was helped by my truncheons, those peaceful hours hidden in the hedge. At last came the moment of final decision.

It was after breakfast one morning in the School House dining-room, on the last day of the summer holidays, that I made my break for liberty. I wrote a note, which I placed on the black oak sideboard under the whisky tantalus, saying that instead of returning to St John's, I had taken to the Common and would remain there in hiding until my parents agreed that never again should I go back to my prison.

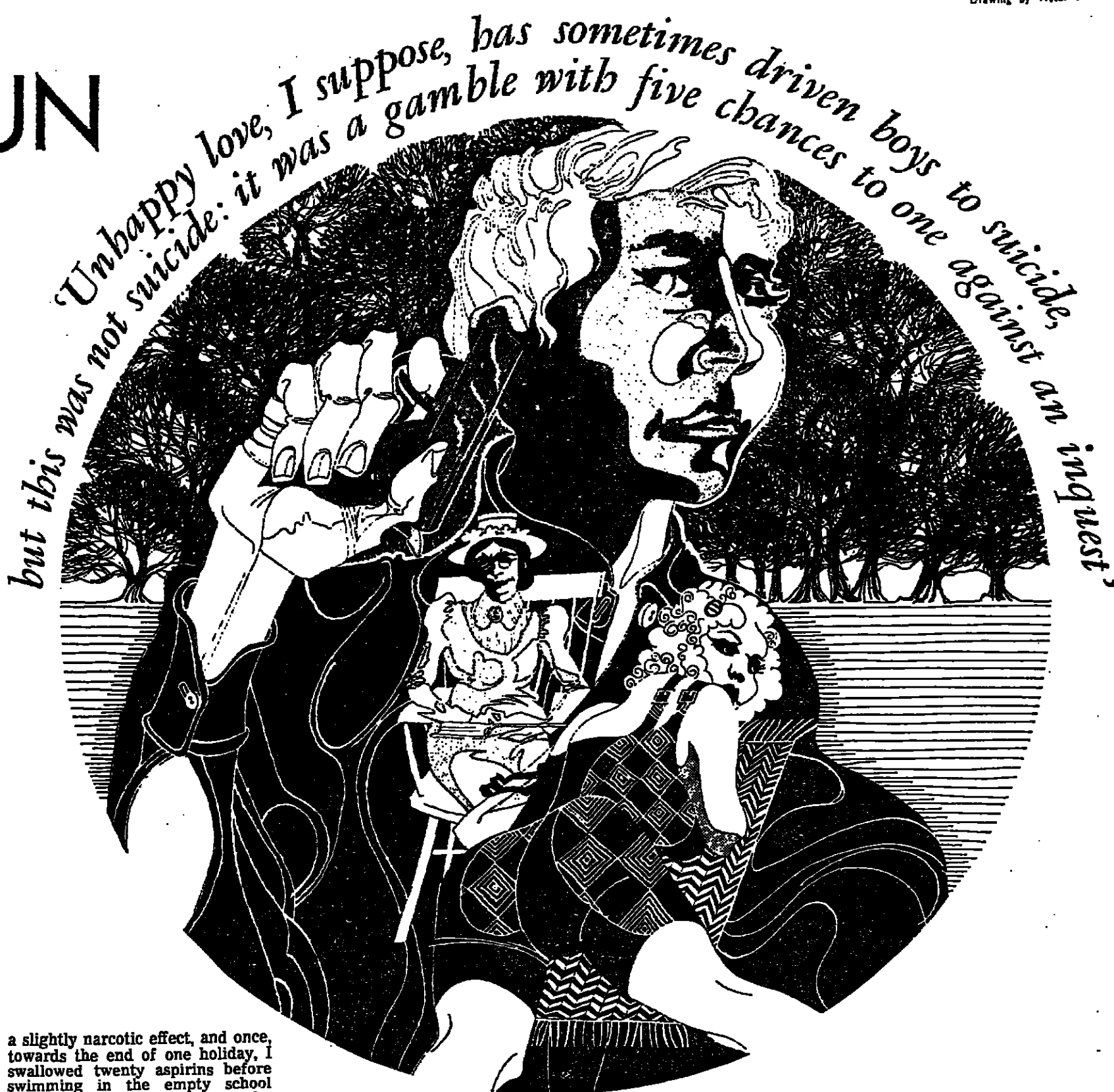
There were enough blackberries that fine autumn to keep me from hunger, and I prided myself on knowing every hidden trench. This time it was a quising who took to the magu. What I cannot remember arranging was any way by which my parents could communicate the news of their surrender.

I think at least two hours must have passed before, moving rashly out beyond the cover of the bushes and turning a corner, I came face to face with my elder sister, Molly. Perhaps I was nearer a nervous breakdown than I now care to believe, for a thick haze conceals all that happened next.

Did I talk to my sister on my tramp home? I think I must have walked in silent pride. How was I greeted? I remember no reproaches, only a well-warmed bed in the spare-room next my parents', which was used only for more serious ailments than the regular family traffic of colds and coughs. I seem to remember my father sitting on the bed and interrogating me seriously and tenderly, and from that interrogation grew a whole comedy of errors.

I suppose I complained of the general filth of my life at St John's, meaning the unlocked lavatories, the continual farting of my companions, but he misunderstood me and believed I had been the victim of some ring of masturbation, so that other investigations were now set on foot among the innocent inhabitants of St John's. The truth was I had not yet discovered the pleasure of masturbation and didn't even know the meaning of the word, though my father in any case probably used some vague abstract expression which was equally applicable to breaking wind.

At this date my brother Raymond had started to study medicine at Oxford and he was hastily summoned home for consultation; my father found the situation beyond him—perhaps he even believed the popular fable of his generation that masturbation led to madness, a threat already existing on both sides of the family. His own father, buried in St Kitts, in the Caribbean, had been a manic-depressive, and my mother's father, an Anglican clergyman, suffered from an exaggerated sense of guilt and, when his bishop refused his request to be defrocked, proceeded to put the matter into effect himself in a field.



My brother, who felt great pride at the trust reposed in him (he was three years older than myself and in his first year at Oxford), suggested psycho-analysis as a possible solution, and my father—an astonishing thing in 1920—agreed.

I DON'T KNOW BY WHAT process of elimination my father and brother chose Kenneth Richmond to be my analyst, but it was a choice for which I have never ceased to be grateful for at his house in Lancaster Gate began what were perhaps the happiest six months of my life.

Active happiness depends to some extent on contrast—a lovers' meeting would not be the same without the days of deprivation, and those breakfasts in bed on a tray neatly laid, brought by a maid in a white starched cap, followed by hours of private study under the trees of Kensington Gardens, seemed all the more miraculous after the stone steps, the ink-stained schoolroom, the numbering-off at the bogs, the smell of farts around the showers.

And London was there just down the road. I was independent. I could take a bus or tube to any destination. Films and theatres depended only on the management of my pocket-money. There were no Sunday walks in unwanted company. I was growing rapidly into an adult without the torments of puberty.

Kenneth Richmond had more the appearance of an eccentric musician than anyone you might suppose concerned with curing the human spirit. A tall stooping figure in his early forties, he had a distinguished musician's brow with longish hair falling behind without a parting and a face disfigured by large spots which must have been of nervous origin. There were two little girls who were brought up on the principle that children should never be thwarted with the result that they were almost unbearably spoilt. On Sundays I was left in charge of them for an hour, while Richmond and his beautiful wife Zoe went to a church in Bayswater of some esoteric denomination.

I kept perforce a dream diary (I have begun to do so again in old age), and fragments of the dreams I can remember still, though the diary has been destroyed for nearly half a century. If I couldn't remember the last night's dream I would be asked to invent one (for some reason if I invented a dream it always began with a pig). Richmond belonged to no dogmatic school of psycho-analysis, so far as I can make out now; he was nearer to Freud than Jung, but Adler probably contributed.

Was there a couch, the stock-subject of so many jokes? I can't remember. I would begin to read out my dream, and he would check my associations with his watch. Afterwards he would talk in general terms about the theory of analysis, about the moratorium of the past which holds us in thrall. Sometimes, as the analysis progressed, he would show little hints of excitement—as though he scented something for which he had been waiting for a long while. The classic moment approached.

as in all such analyses, when the emotion of the patient is due to be transferred: a difficult period for the analyst. Perhaps Richmond was trying to provide a subject away from home, for one of the evening callers proved to be a girl who was a ballet-student and one night we went to see her dance.

With the added glamour of the stage around her, I nearly fell in love. But the transference took a more inconvenient route, settling on my analyst's wife, and the moment I feared at last arrived when sitting in Kensington Gardens, I found the only dream I had to communicate was an erotic one of Zoe Richmond.

For the first time I dreaded our regular hour of eleven. I could, of course, say that I remembered nothing, and Richmond would tell me to invent, and I could trot out the habitual pig, but I was caught sufficiently by the passion for

analysis to be repelled at the thought of cheating. To cheat was to behave like a detective who deliberately destroys a clue to murder. I steeled myself and left the Gardens and went in.

"And now," Richmond said, after a little talk on general theory, "We'll get down to last night's dream."

I cleared my dry throat. "I can only remember one."

"Let's have it."

"I was in bed," I said.

"Where?"

"Here."

He made a note on his pad. I took a breath and plunged. "There was a knock on the door and Zoe came in. She was naked. She leant over me. One of her breasts nearly touched my mouth. I woke up."

"What's your association to continued on next page

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THE BOY WITH A GUN

Continued from preceding page

breasts." Richmond asked, setting his stop-watch.

"Tub train," I said after a long pause.

"Five seconds," Richmond said.

I WAS RETURNED—repaired—to the life of school. It was a life transformed. I had left for London a timid boy, and returned a young man. I came back I must have seemed vain and knowing. Who among my fellows in 1921 knew anything of Freud or Jung?

I found it easy now to make friends. A school has many backwaters, but I was at last in the main stream. Instead of the petty gangsters of St John's there were Eric Guest (later a distinguished Metropolitan magistrate), Claud Cockburn, Peter Quennell.

I began to write the most sentimental fantasies in bad poetic prose. One abominable one, called *The Tick of the Clock*, about an old woman's solitary death, was published in the school magazine. I cut out the pages and posted them to the Star, an evening paper of the period, and for God knows what reason they published the story and sent me a cheque for three guineas.

I took the editor's kindly letter and the complimentary copy up to the Common, and for hours I sat on the abandoned rifle-butt reading the piece aloud to myself and to the dark green ocean of gorse and bracken. Now, I told myself, I was really a professional writer, and never again did the idea hold such excitement, pride and confidence: always later, even with the publication of my first novel, the excitement was overshadowed by the knowledge of failure, by awareness of the flawed intention. But that sunny afternoon I could detect no flaw in *The Tick of the Clock*. The sense of glory touched me for the first and last time.

Then I attempted the theatre: I went to see Lord Dunsany's *If in which Henry Ainley played the leading part* (I had myself played the Poet in Dunsany's *Lost Silk Hat* at a school fête and felt myself his colleague). Immediately afterwards I began to write a fantastic play of which I cannot even remember the title. It celebrated what I liked to believe was the sense of poetry inherent in the ceremony of afternoon tea.

In 1920 tea was still one of the important meals of the day, and the most aesthetic. The silver pot, the tall tiered cake

never known; we talked, we dreamt, we read, but it was always there, and yet, when I came to write, it was sentimental verse or sentimental prose fantasies which leaked from the pen. And in between the periods of sexual excitement came agonising crises of boredom. Boredom seemed to swell like a balloon inside the head: it became a pressure inside the skull: sometimes I feared the balloon would burst and I would lose my reason.

Alcohol began to appeal to me in the innocent form of bitter beer. I was offered beer first by Lubbock, my riding master, whom I visited one evening in summer. I hated the taste and drank it down with an effort to prove my manliness, and yet some days later, on a long country walk with my brother Raymond, the memory of the taste came back to taunt my thirst. We stopped at an inn for bread and cheese, and I drank bitter for the second time and enjoyed the taste with a pleasure that I never failed to find since. I had found another alleviation of the boredom-sickness and later at Oxford it served me dangerously well, when for a whole term I was drunk from breakfast till bed.

I went up to Oxford for the autumn term of 1922 to Balliol with nothing resolved—a mud-died adolescent who wanted to write but hadn't found his subject, who wanted to express his lust but was too scared to try, and who wanted to love but hadn't found a real object.

It must have been the summer of 1923 that I reluctantly joined my family at Sheringham on the Norfolk coast. Perhaps if I could have saved enough money I would have gone to France, but the end of my first year saw me heavily in debt: so many barrels of beer, so many books, shelf upon shelf of them, which had nothing to do with work.

The younger children, Elisabeth and Hugh, had grown too old for a nurse, and instead a governess had been appointed, a young woman of about twenty-nine or thirty—ten years or more older than myself. During the first days at Sheringham she made little impression—my brother and sister were happy. I noticed, with her, and she joined cheerfully in our games of cricket on the sands.

The first time I looked at her with any interest was at the same instant the *coupe de foudre*. She was lying on the beach and her skirt had worked up high and showed a length of naked thigh.

Suddenly at that moment I fell in love, body and mind. It is strange how vivid the memory has remained, so that



The young Graham Greene

I can see the stretching of beach, my mother reaching, the angle from which I examined her body, and yet I cannot even remember the first time I kissed her or the hesitations and timidities which surely must have preceded the kiss. For her it was a flirtation which at first, before she scented danger, must have helped the passage of the boring hours, alone in the big nursery at Berkhamsted with two children as companions. For me it was an obsessive passion: I lived only for the moments with her.

She began soon to be a little scared of what was happening. She told me how she was engaged to be married to a man working for Cable & Wireless in the Azores. She had not seen him for over a year, and he had become like a stranger to her. Soon he would be returning, and she would have to leave Berkhamsted to marry him. Once when she talked to me of her marriage, she wept a little.

I was too inexperienced to

press her for more than kisses; marriage for me seemed then to be years out of reach and there was the great difference in our ages. All I could do was urge her to break her promise and I had nothing to offer in exchange.

We wrote to each other every week when I returned to Oxford, and her handwriting became so fixed in my memory that when, more than thirty years after we had ceased to write, I received a letter asking me to get her for my first play *The Living Room*, I recognised her hand on the envelope and my heart beat faster until I remembered that I was a man of over fifty and she, by now, well into her cruel sixties.

But the reality of a passion should not be questioned because of its brevity. A storm in the shallow Mediterranean may be over in a few hours, but while it lasts it is savage enough to drown men, and this storm was savage. Passion had temporarily eased the burden of boredom: yet there were times when I realised that my old enemy was merely biding his moment. A manic-depressive, like my grandfather—that would be the verdict on me today, and analysis had not cured my condition.

I CAN REMEMBER VERY clearly the afternoon I found the revolver in the brown deer corner-cupboard in a bedroom which I shared with my elder brother. It was the early autumn of 1923. The revolver was a small ladylike object with six chambers like a tiny egg-stand, and there was a cardboard box full of bullets.

I never mentioned the discovery to my brother because I had realised the moment I saw the revolver the use I intended to make of it. (I don't to this day know why he possessed it; certainly he had no licence, and he was only three years older than myself. A large family is as departmental as a Ministry.)

My brother was away—probably climbing in the Lake District—and until he returned the revolver was to all intents my own. I knew what to do with it because I had been reading a book (I think Ossendowski was the author) which described how the White Russian officers, condemned to inaction in southern Russia at the tail-end of the counter-revolutionary war, used to invent hazards with which to escape boredom. One man would slip a charge into a revolver and turn the chambers at random, and his companion would put the revolver to his head and pull the trigger. The chance, of course, was five to one in favour of life.

One forgets emotions easily.

'As a distraction from lost love I tried drink instead... I went to bed drunk every night'

Now with the revolver in my pocket I thought I had stumbled on the perfect cure. I was going to escape in one way or another, and perhaps because escape was inseparably connected with the Common in my mind, it was there that I went.

Beyond the Common lay a wide grassy ridge known for some reason as Cold Harbour to which I would occasionally take a horse, and beyond again stretched Ashridge Park, the smooth olive skin of beech trees and last year's quagmire of leaves, dark like old pennies. Deliberately I chose my ground, I believe without real fear—perhaps because so many semi-suicidal acts which my elders would have regarded as neurotic, but which I still considered to have been under the circumstances highly reasonable, lay in the background of this more dangerous venture. They removed the sense of strangeness as I slipped a bullet into a chamber and, holding the revolver behind my back, spun the chambers round.

Had I romantic thoughts about my love? I must have

had, but I think, at the most, they simply eased the medicine down. Unhappy love, I suppose, has sometimes driven boys to suicide, but this was not suicide, whatever a coroner's jury might have said: it was a gamble with five chances to one against an inquest. The discovery that it was possible to enjoy again the visible world by risking its total loss was one I was bound to make sooner or later.

I put the muzzle of the revolver into my right ear and pulled the trigger. There was a minute click, and looking down at the chamber I could see that the charge had moved into the firing position. I was out by one.

I remember an extraordinary sense of jubilation, as if carnival lights had been switched on in a dark drab street. My heart knocked in its cage, and life contained an infinite number of possibilities. It was like a young man's first successful experience of sex—as if among the Ashridge beeches I had passed the test of manhood. I went home and put the revolver back in the corner-cupboard.

This experience I repeated a number of times. At fairly long intervals I found myself craving for the adrenalin drug, and I took the revolver with me when I returned to Oxford. There I would walk out from Headington towards Elmsfield down what is now a wide arterial road, smooth and shiny like the walls of a public lavatory. Then it was a sudden unfrequented country lane. The revolver would be whipped behind my back, the chamber twisted, the muzzle quickly and surreptitiously inserted in my ear beneath the black winter trees, the trigger pulled.

Slowly the effect of the drug wore off—I lost the sense of jubilation, I began to receive from the experience only the crude kick of excitement. It was the difference between love and lust. And as the quality of the experience deteriorated, so my sense of responsibility grew and worried me.

I wrote a bad piece of free verse describing how, in order to give myself a fictitious sense of danger, I would "press the trigger of a revolver I already know to be empty." This verse I would leave permanently on my desk, so that if I lost the gamble, it would provide incontrovertible evidence of an accident. (Only after I had given up the game did I write other verses which told the true facts.)

These extracts are edited from *A Sort of Life*, by Graham Greene, to be published on September 16. The Bodley Head at £1.50.

Entertainments

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Kensington, S.W.

promenade concerts

BBC presents 77th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts

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Double Bass: Norman Brodsky

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Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Kensington, S.W.

promenade concerts

BBC presents 77th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts

TOMORROW at 7.30 LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Symphony No. 5 MAHLER

Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult

Violin: Norman Brodsky

Violoncello: Norman Brodsky

Double Bass: Norman Brodsky

Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult

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JOHN RUSSELL AT ALEXANDRA PALACE
HOLIDAY PAPERBACKS
CYRIL CONNOLLY: LONDON'S BUILDER

The revolutionaries

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

LONDON now has the chance to see both the big subsidised companies on the top of their form in plays dealing with historical revolutions. These plays—Gorki's *Enemies* (RSC), *Death of Danton* (Aldwych) and *Go-Go Girls* (National Theatre)—are complementary to each other.

Gorki attained the fullness of years; Buchner died before even reaching the age of the editors of *Or*. "Enemies" is a striking example of naturalistic, and *Death of Danton* is a dramatic, and *Go-Go Girls* is a comedy which brings the Revolution into being. *Death of Danton* is in its implacable blackness of murderous determination, creates the mood which brought the French Revolution to an end. *Enemies* is distinguished by John Wood's performance as a gentle, well-meaning, weak and attractive human being; no less outstanding in *Danton's Death* is Ronald Pickup's Saint-Just, especially magnificent when this strong and terrifying and hateful man delivers a speech in justification of bloodshed and torture that floods through the theatre with the angry force of a tidal wave.

Then there is the question of integrity. In the RSC programme the translator, Jeremy Brooks, says that Gorki maintained his independence to the end, and so it is possible he was murdered on Stalin's orders. It is therefore interesting that on the same day as the programme was published Mr Brooks wrote an article in *Ink* in which it seemed to me that he regarded Gorki as a man who surrendered his independence to outside pressures.

The programme merely notes that Gorki "extensively revised" the play in 1932, prior to its first Leningrad production. In *Ink* Mr Brooks goes much further than this. He says that these revisions were made in order to please the Communist Establishment, and that Gorki agreed to suppress one vital speech so that the play, against his convictions, should conform with the conditions of Communist propaganda.

Whilst "Enemies" and "Danton's Death" are mutually illustrative I cannot help feeling that the statements made by Mr Brooks in *Ink* about Gorki contradict the claims he advances for him in the RSC programme. In particular it would be fascinating to know whether the translation presented at the Aldwych does or does not contain the speech which Gorki removed in obedience to orders from above. Mr Brooks' translation is a very fine piece of work; so is John Wells' adaptation of "Danton's Death." But it would be interesting to be told what exactly is the "Enemies" that is so profoundly, and so justly, impressing audiences at the Aldwych. Are we seeing the Communist propaganda version of the play? or the play which Gorki had been a man of unshakable integrity like Robespierre or Saint-Just, would have liked us to see?

Integrity is a rousing word. But after seeing "Danton's Death" (whose production brings the period of Lord Chandos' unrivalled services as Chairman of the National Theatre to a splendid close) one might in fact

wonder whether integrity is not a thing to be shuddered at rather than admired. Not everyone shares my view of Saint-Just. Michelot (employing words that are memorably "L'Enfant Sauvage") looked on his execution as extinguishing the greatest hope that France ever had. But to me, as I have said, he is hateful for the very reason that his character makes clear in his play, and as Mr Pickup reveals in the shining steel of his performance, he would allow no consideration of humanity or of mercy to interfere with the accomplishment of his inflexible principles.

What degree of political integrity is involved in Chris Wilkinson's *Plays for Rubber* (Go-Go Girls) (Portable Theatre at Hampstead) and later at the Edinburgh Festival? and what is the significance of the play? It is difficult to determine. Mr Wilkinson may genuinely be outraged by violence, perversion, Nazism, and promiscuity; or he may regard them just as excuses for giving the audience a high old time. But that is what he fails to do. His dialogue is incoherent and repetitive: whilst his apparatus of whips, chains and flash bulbs in the Hitler play only serves to show that an engine may be made to run, and still make very little mileage.

Mr Wilkinson is dull because, within surrealism, he attempts realism without fulfilling its chief requirement, which is to create illusion. In realism there is always a trick. The audience is deceived, but it is not seen to be deceived. When the guillotined head rolls into the basket, the Grand Guignol audience knows that it is not a real head which has just been severed. But any competent company will so arrange the exhibition that even the sharpest eyes cannot perceive the deception. Mr Wilkinson (at the King's Head he is his own director) has not this skill. To show copulation between men in zipped or buttoned-up trousers and a girl paraded in amply protective panties is plain silliness. It assumes that the voyeur in the audience are half-blind half-wits.

The cast—Maey Alexander as the fortress-defended girl, Alun Armstrong, John Price, and Frank Hatherley—is not without talent; and Mr Armstrong vomits very well. His vomiting does not suffer from the defects in realistic technique of his author, and the impression it makes is increased by the fact that the audience has just eaten its dinner about a couple of yards from the spot on which the actor discharges what he relishes up (or appears to) from his stomach.

Plays for Rubber (Go-Go Girls) is a series of fantasies based on modern American folklore. It is even diller than "I Was Hitler's Maid." Here again the company is much superior to the play. Patricia Hodge, Diana Patrick, Emma Williams, Geraldine, Paul Seed, and Colin Steppen, give admirable performances. But Mr Wilkinson needs something like the Madonna-like perversity, a month ago, of Linda Marlowe's gamine in his "Dynamo" to make his work tolerable. The beautiful and tender production of Mr Marlowe's performance in that play perhaps gave us too high an opinion of Mr Wilkinson's talent.

Tony Mayer reports from Avignon

FAMILY FESTIVAL

THIS MONTH'S Avignon Festival, the first of the post-Vilar era, was also that of the new generation. Igor (son of Georges) Wahlweitz has written several ballet scores ("Logos", "Aor", "Ergonia") for a ballet group, "Le Théâtre du Silence". Daniel (son of Darius) Milhaud brilliantly modelled the masks of the hilarious fringe show "Avron et Evrard". Isabelle (with her father Jean) Babilée and—with her two children—Diogo (son of André) Masson made a delightful family show of Stravinsky's "Soldier's Tale", while Victoria (daughter of Charles) Chaplin, with her husband Jean-Baptiste Thérèse and much to the disapproval of her illustrious father, presented a circus moving, circus called "Le Cirque Bonjour", to the accompaniment of music composed by Stéphane (son of Jean) Vilar for an orchestra in which his brother Christophe played the guitar.

Thus the Avignon Festival not only spreads its tentacles over the vast courtyard of the Palais Papes to the outer precincts of the former Papal City, but it also manages to reach and grip "les jeunes", that celebrated youth.

There is certainly no lack of young in Avignon. They fill to saturation point the many "performing areas"—cloisters, squares, clubs, halls and cinemas—or lie in the streets, sipping iced drinks, selling their boring trinkets (and occasionally some drug, too), sleep in the deserted schools and islands in the middle of the Rhône, and even make some timid attempts at settling down. When the guillotined head rolls into the basket, the Grand Guignol audience knows that it is not a real head which has just been severed. But any competent company will so arrange the exhibition that even the sharpest eyes cannot perceive the deception. Mr Wilkinson (at the King's Head he is his own director) has not this skill. To show copulation between men in zipped or buttoned-up trousers and a girl paraded in amply protective panties is plain silliness. It assumes that the voyeur in the audience are half-blind half-wits.

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The ballets—on the other hand—ended an amazing capacity audience to compare the tired, stilted, pedestrian approach of the Bolshoi (oh! that distorted Carmen! With Plisetskaya thrown in for good measure) and an exciting display of new works presented by a group of young dancers from the Paris Opéra. A film festival, numerous exhibitions, countless concerts completed the programme of this remarkable jamboree of the arts, no doubt the most stimulating (in spite of its unavoidable shortcomings) ever to be presented in France.



This vast dummy of Diaghilev floats over Alan Tagg's "Covent Garden: 25 Years of Opera and Ballet," a documentary about the Royal Opera House which recreates the atmosphere of dressing rooms, prop rooms and auditorium along with music and film from historic performances. (Victoria and Albert Museum Thursday.)

Ace of trumpets

DEREK JEWELL

STRANGE THINGS afoot in the dog days. Mr Ronnie Scott, back at his club disguised as Ernest Hemingway after playing in Mallorca, so far forgets himself as to omit three well-loved jokes and to insert two new ones. New jokes with Mr Scott (London's best club comedian as well as best tenor player) being as rare as capital gains in gilt-edged, this is plainly no occasion to miss him. Nor to omit hearing Clark Terry, St. Louisian and one-time Ellingtonian.

Mr Terry, weary of proving the easy way that he is almost the greatest trumpet player alive, now salutes *Satchmo* in a version of "Mack the Knife" during which he holds a flugelhorn in one hand and a trumpet in the other. He plays, miraculously adjusting his embouchure, a most fluent and

moving solo alternating with both instruments, the phrases on each growing increasingly shorter until he achieves a (still flowing) finale of single-note alternation. Apart from this sorcery, he blows a very warm and rhythmic horn, sings a little, and generally behaves like an instinctive master.

Strangest of all, Miss Karin Krog, also at Scott's, and the first Norwegian jazz singer I've heard. Very Nordic, blonde-tressed, wearing an embryonic Rhine-maiden breastplate. So cool, she talks most of the words, and when she tries singing betrays alarming lack of range. Sort of *Ibsen's Choice* in general doomy aura—but so good is John Taylor's accompaniment, the drama comes off cannily in some songs, like "I Thought About You." Different, definitely.

Cold hearts and coronets

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAW-TAYLOR

ALTHOUGH Lohengrin contains an hour or two of finer music than Wagner had yet written, and pages more scrupulously beautiful than he was ever to write again, the entire opera, as performed in the theatre at last remembrance, can prove something of an order. By comparison, the coarser, more "Tannhäuser" seems positively downright and dramatic; while the delightful "Flying Dutchman", with its Weber-like romantic aura, its rollicking sailors and salt-spray, is guaranteed to raise our spirits at every hearing.

That Lohengrin "did more than anything else to spread Wagner's fame in the pre-Bayreuth period was due to the fact that, for better and for worse, it is the most Victorian of all his works. It includes, on the one hand, a vast amount of the Meyerbeerish element that dominated opera in the nineteenth century: processions, fanfares, heralds, pronouncements, massive ensembles, marchings and counter-marchings and gatherings of the clans, together with the insistence on historical accuracy that was then thought to confer such an air of respectability on the stage.

This is the side of the work that has grown wearisome, and makes the second act seem interminable. But there is another aspect of Lohengrin, no less Victorian, which might be called "romanticism" if not "Mendelssohnian"; and it is this aspect that has given rise to the lasting beauties of the score. I mean the sense of chivalrous nobility, the medieval remoteness and mystery associated with Elsa's champion, the idealised yet human purity of her own character, the sweet but not nearly sensuousness that envelops hero and heroine until things begin to go wrong. A dream world; but as artistically potent in "Lohengrin" as in "The Toldy of the King."

The new production by the Sadler's Wells company at the Cottesloe, which was most thoroughly prepared under the direction of Charles Mackerras, who well understands how to build up and control the huge ensembles, and drew first-rate results from his chorus and orchestra, the latter excelling also in the more modern music of Elsa's second act duet with Ortrud and third-act duet with Lohengrin.

The cast was strongest on the masculine side. Alberto Remedios, a personable tenor given a rather chubby look on this occasion by his wig and perpetual plastic kid boots, sang Lohengrin's music with a clarity and firmness of tone that gained steadily in quality to reach a fine climax in the Narration of the last scene. Raimund Herinx's resonant baritone and exemplary articulation made much of that notoriously dull page, Teirramund's accusation; and Clifford Grant, though not made to seem imposing or dominating, King Henry, led the big prayer ensemble with a noble dignity.

Margaret Curphey, handicapped by a White Queen bun that gave to poor Elsa, in the first two acts, a slightly foolish and bothered air, sang with conviction and fervour, but without the purity and radiance that are essential to this role. With her work in the Bridal Chamber Scene there came, surprisingly, a new warmth, ring and security of tone, culminating in some splendid

high Bs. To those who recall her majestic Fricka, Ann Howard's Ortrud was a disappointment; she looked properly handsome and villainous, but never produced the full, dark, thrilling tones of a real Ortrud. In his first Wagner production, Colin Graham wisely backed on to the oratorio-like serried ranks of motionless chorus that are one of the less happy neo-Bayreuth innovations; it was therefore a pity that Michael Knight's designs should have nevertheless given the chorus singers excessive uniformity of costume which led in Act 3 to a surfeit of buttercup yellow and orange red.

The sets represented a compromise between stylisation and realism, with a solid red-brick castle wall in the background of the stage picture for the second act, and in the first scene of the third act an unusually spacious box for the bridal couple in surroundings notable, even by operatic standards, for draught and lack of privacy. On the other hand, in Act 1 a gold tree and way blue lines for the river Scheideit derived from the world of the illuminated manuscript; and there was a skeleton aluminium swan towards which it must have been hard for a Lohengrin to work up a proper degree of gratitude and affection.

From the gestures of the chorus, Lohengrin seemed to be arriving by parachute from the general direction of the gallery; but he splashed down in his usual place back-stage—or rather splashed up, with his swan appearing from and disappearing into the nether regions.

IN ADDITION to broadcasting nearly all the Proms, Radio 3 has found time, within the past week, to transmit Austrian Radio (apes of two interesting German operas of the 1920s: Franz Schreker's *Der Schatzgräber* and Engel Weill's *Die Gezeichneten*, both described in Loewenberger's *Annals* as his most successful opera; and, notwithstanding the somewhat faded fairy-tale ambience of the composer's own libretto, there is more than enough vitality in the score (in a style related to Strauss, Debussy, and Puccini, but with its own fluency and picturesqueness) to explain its pre-war vogue. The third act, in effect an extended love duet, could make a hit today if recorded with a fine soprano and tenor; it was sung, in the radio performance, by Doris Jung and Fritz Uhl, with Robert Heger as conductor.

Fritz Uhl turned the Admetus of Weill's opera, a more restrained work, based on Hofmannsthal's adaptation of the Euripides play, which shows Weill as more at home in the world of ritual and ceremony than in that of the theatre: big theatrical moments, such as that of Admetus' death, hardly the least of his work, but the roistering, heroic Hercules (admirably sung by Kostas Paskalis) is effectively conveyed.

During the season of filmed opera at the Queen Elizabeth Hall the Karajan/La Scala performances of Cav and Pag (August 16, 22 and 28) are well worth a visit, especially for the Leonoville and the Karajan. The Karajan makes an impressive Cario and the cinematographic, as well as musical, direction is in Karajan's amazingly versatile hands.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

NIGHTLY during the past week South Bank and Kensington Gore continued to exercise their rival musical magnets. At the Proms, there was a Scots invasion. Very creditable accounts of Beethoven's Second and Tchaikovsky's Sixth symphonies as well as the outer acts of Wagner's *Siegfried* proved more how Scottishly rewarding the link between the Scottish National Orchestra and its conductor, Alexander Gibson: his musical stature now grows apace. Thea Musgrave's highly coloured Horn Concerto confirmed the excellent impression made in Glasgow last April. Right from its initial woodwind writhings, the score fascinated the ear by finely judged effects of timbre, texture and acoustics. In the latter, the Albert Hall positively enhanced the variously placed horn calls answering Barry Hall's brilliantly executed solo.

In Roger Smalley's Beat Music, the only absolute novelty at Thursday's marathon tripartite Prom (7 to 11.30 pm), various

electrically amplified elements peppered the already expanded London Sinfonietta under David Atherton, with the ubiquitous Tim Souster sawing away at his viola, in their midst as part of the total maestro. The score failed to reveal Miss Musgrave's fiction of sensitivity to sound, or any real justification of the vast apparatus used.

The "The Soldier's Tale" provided relief and more civilised entertainment in a swift, ingenious, clear and amusing circus-style production by David Pountney, with John Malcolm as a more pebbled Narrator (in John Arden's racy translation) than Ramuz himself, and Robert Eddison playing a "properly versatile" Devil to Richard Dennis, sympathetic Soldier.

But no Prom eclipsed in sheer delight the exquisite recital of songs and duets by Sheila Armstrong and Gerald English at the Elizabeth Hall, or the revelation of Radu Lupu's exceptionally sensitive accompanying.

CONCERTS

continued from preceding page

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
SON ET LUMIERE
Revival. Evens. 8.00 p.m.
Mon. at 8.00 p.m.
Box Office: 01-499 9927.

YOUNG MUSICIANS '72

Outstanding performers 20 years and under, playing at the Royal Albert Hall, London, will benefit from a scheme which will give them the opportunity to perform with concert orchestras throughout the country.

For those other than full or part-time students at a London or regional school of music, application forms for audition from Great London Arts Association, 27 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

ORGAN & VIOLIN RECITAL

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
Aug. 15 (today) at 8 p.m.
Organ by Sheila Solomon
Violin by John Woodhouse
Derek Seligson, 1. Selections by Handel, Debussy, Scarlatti, Bach.

OPERA & BALLET

COLISEUM, Sadler's Wells Opera
Mon. 7.30, 8.30, 9.30
Tues. at 7.30
BARBER OF SEVILLE

KISS ME KAT

THE SERAGLIO
N.B. CHANGE OF REP. Tues.
Barber of Seville, The Seraglio
(1830-1701)

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

Aug. 24 to 29 and Sept. 6 to 11
1971-72 season
Aug. 24 to 29 and Sept. 6 to 11
1971-72 season
Aug. 24 to 29 and Sept. 6 to 11
1971-72 season

EXHIBITIONS

DANISH STATION OFFICE FURNITURE
Type I chair on people's furniture
Type II chair on people's furniture
Type III chair on people's furniture
Type IV chair on people's furniture
Type V chair on people's furniture
Type VI chair on people's furniture
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THEATRES

ADELPHI, 836 7611, Evens. 7.30, 8.30, 9.30
THE MUSICAL OF A LIFETIME
SHOW BOAT
With the original cast of
KERN & HANSEN-HEINE

OLD TIMES

THEATRE, 1071-12 London 836 6404
RSC's 1971-2 season
Aug. 27 to 29
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THE NOISEMAKER

19TH CENTURY THEATRE
Aug. 27 to 29
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FORGET-ME-NOT LANE

Aug. 27 to 29
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IAN MCKELLEN

Aug. 27 to 29
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VIVAT! VIVAT! REGINA!

PICCADILLY THEATRE
Aug. 27 to 29
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COMEDY

Aug. 27 to 29
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PHOENIX

836 8611, Evens. 8.00, 9.00
1971-72 season
Aug. 27 to 29
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CANTERBURY TALES

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VIVAT! VIVAT! REGINA!

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ROUND MY FATHER

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THE PATRICK PEARCE

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NATIONAL THEATRE

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ROYAL COURT

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Oh! Calcutta!

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CINEMAS

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ACADEMY CINEMA ONE

Aug. 27 to 29
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Aug. 27 to 29

FROM THURSDAY: The complete version

Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29

LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS

Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29
Aug. 27 to 29

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THE WANDERER (A)

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THE WANDERER (A)

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Fair and square

THOMAS CUBITT, MASTER BUILDER by Hermione Hobhouse
Macmillan £12.60 pp 568

CYRIL CONNOLLY

detail, from palaces like Osborne
and the corner villas of Belgrave
Square, now mostly Embassies, to
the humblest terraces of North
London or Pimlico. The finished
houses were sound, the facades
imposing, and in addition he
designed, churches and public
buildings for each community—
many still standing—and admir-
able sewers. He worked for
efficient enlightened capitalists
like the Dukes of Bedford and
Westminster, the Lowndes family
and the Cadogans. Queen Victoria
approved of him, Lord Carrig-
ton was his banker.

Although my allegiance has
been to Nash I have had many
happy hours in Belgrave and
Bloomsbury, the two principal
Cubitt creations. Even as he
built Gordon Square, Tavistock
Square and their surroundings
the drift to the West was in full
swing and the Marquis of West-
minster was netting all the titled
fish as fast as the Duke of Bed-
ford was watching them get away.

Belgrave the golden
mink and money blest...
I suppose it remains the
grandest residential quarter in
any capital—or is it outstripped
by the Paris between the Avenue
Foch and the Avenue Montaigne?

In my youth "speculative
builder" was a term of abuse for
one who was held responsible for
ribbon development. Peacehaven,
rows of "jerrybuilt" suburbs, a
greedy maniac. Cubitt, however,
had something Napoleonic about
him; he rose to greatness by
taking chances, but also by organ-
ising a huge labour force com-
prising a body of contented work-
men as well as every sort of
specialist. Plumbers, carpenters,
builders, masons, cabinet-makers,
surveyors all centred round his
work and were engaged on
several jobs at a time. He kept
them employed, he fulfilled the
time clauses in his contracts,
paid off his overdrafts and main-
tained a high standard of work-
manship.

One does not hear the
reproaches about Nash and his
terraces levelled at Cubitt. He
occupied himself with every

Cubitt, besides being a man of
his word, a benevolent autocrat
and expert technician, had vision.
One sees it in Osborne, that
Claude-like Italian landscape
which is slowly coming into its
own, or in his Chinese rooms at
Buckingham Palace, furnished
from the Pavilion (Albert's
idea) or in his plans for Clapham
and the King's Road, Belgrave
Square, especially with its old
railings, as noble as Eaton
Square, with the sun shining
through the plane trees on its
northern facade in Parisian sug-
gesting the Avenue Gabriel.
Proust would have been at home
in Eaton Square though he might
have put the Guermantes in
Mayfair. Cubitt's chief architect,
Baker, seems in a subordinate
position compared to Soane, Nash
or Decimus Burton.

And who so vast a work
achieved? What name
shall fair Belgrave's sons
transmit to fame?
Who raised a town where once
a marsh had been.
And fenced with palaces our
noble Queen?
Thine be the praise, O Cubitt!
Thine the hand
That caused Belgrave from the
dust to rise.
A fairer wreath than Wren's
should crown thy brow—
He raised a dome—a town
unravelling thou
(Mrs Gascoigne: Belgrave).

The Lowndes estates, like Lord
Cadogan's, never quite took on the
sheen of Belgrave and today are
more broken up, with blocks
of flats and offices. On the other
hand Cubitt, for all his solidity,
never achieved the glamour of

Mayfair. The drawing rooms of
Eaton Square were a byword for
dullness before their conversion
into flats, which could not be
said of Grosvenor Square or
Park Lane.

Brighton also owes much to
Cubitt, who carried out most of
the development of Kemp Town.
He went to some lengths to keep
out the very poor and prevent
slums from encroaching on his
boundaries thus bringing down the
rents. In an under-policed age this
was understandable and his inob-
dience was nothing to that of his
tenants. Eccleston and Warwick
Squares took a long time to build as
the main grander squares, such
was his difficulty in finding
tenants. The north side of
Eccleston Square was still un-
finished at his death.

Attention to detail, indefatig-
able energy, financial acumen,
sound team-work are not qualities
which inspire a biographer and
which make a town. Cubitt has
been inspired by the mass of
evidence about Cubitt's activities,
so different from the meteoric
career of Nash, a true architect
rather than a builder.

Perhaps Osborne is his master-
piece. It does my heart good,"
wrote the Queen.

To see how my beloved Albert
enjoys it all, and is so full of
admiration for the place, and of
all the plans and improvements
the main grander squares, such
was his difficulty in finding
tenants. The north side of
Eccleston Square was still un-
finished at his death.

Cubitt and his men provided
everything, down to the door
mats, boxes for candles, for paper
in the lavatories, copper coal
scuttles, the fenders and fire-
irons; he restored the Elizabethan
manor at Eaton House, now so
desecrated by modern stained
glass. The terraces, alcoves and
fountains, the Italian gardens,
with their magnificent ilexes came
under his plan. He was Paxton to
the Prince's Bachelor Duke at
this villa which rose so strangely
beside the waters.

"The deep blue sea, myriads of
brilliant flowers—the perfume of
orange blossoms, magnolias,
honeysuckles—roses on the ter-
race, etc. etc. the quiet and retire-
ment," wrote the Queen, "all
make it a perfect paradise."

"Our dear old Mr Cubitt who
built Osborne"—let that be his
epitaph as we hurry for what may
be the thousandth time past the
embassies of Belgrave Square and
the elegance of St Peter's on our
way to Victoria.



Eaton Square about 1930: Parisian exteriors, stuffy interiors

Pocketful of rye

MRS WALLOP by Peter de Vries/Gollancz £2
CRISIS by David E Fisher/JW H Allen £1.60

JULIAN SYMONS

EMMA WALLOP, who gives a
title to Peter de Vries' Mrs
Wallop, is a garrulous, open-
humoured widow in a small
American town, given to mala-
propisms and atrocious un-
intended puns. Emma finds her-
self portrayed in a suddenly
famous Salingerish novel by her
former lodger Randy Rivers, and
then ruthlessly and fashionably
avant-garde story written by her
son Osgood away in New York.

What are her reactions, what
do other people in her home town
think, is Randy telling the truth
when he says that it wasn't land-
lady Emma but his own mother
who sat for the loveless portrait?
The answers are the subject of
the book. Peter de Vries is the
most relaxed of American
humorous writers. The surface
of his writing is bland as butter,
and the mockery of current
literary and sexual fashions here
is never indignant, always gently
amused.

This shows particularly in the
text of Osgood's story, "The
Duchess of Obloquy," which
comes in the middle of
Emma's lively, noisy narra-
tive. In this very funny joke
about Women's Lib, a male writer
who is left every day in charge
of a baby dresses in drag so that
he can pose as the baby's mother
and park it in a day care centre.
The book is a New York cop also
wearing drag in the course of
work, he becomes the central and
rather heroic figure in a law
case, and at the end of it receives
an award for alerting us to the
problems of our common human

existence in an age of bewildering
transitions. The book ends with
Osgood's story turned into a
kinky sex film, and Emma happily
back home, her elderly admirer
about to call, a typewriter rattling
away upstairs. Another novel
about her is in the machine.

David E. Fisher's Crisis is
suffered by Barney Ferber, who
has just been made up to full
professor of English at New York
University, and is also having
an affair with a colleague's
wife. Reasons for congratula-
tion, you might think, but they
don't make Barney happy.
Instead, the affair is chiefly a
reflection of guilt about his
Jewishness, and worry because his
wife and child have left him. He
is hostile or blankly unco-oper-
ative at faculty meetings, and has
bursts of homicidal violence in
which he kills first a man in a
bar and then a Negro pimp. He
ends up totally insane after a
police siege of the apartment in
which he has imprisoned his
mistress and her son.

The facts we are given don't
really account for the extent of
Barney's mental damage. Accept
his condition, though, and the
portrait of a psychotic personality
is very convincing: the unsuccess-
ful attempt to make emotional
contact with his mistress, the
passages of meaningless violence,
the sharp and sudden changes of
mood, the sense of the past that
plays over and over to see what
went wrong and try to put it
straight. This may look like one
more novel about the problem of
being Jewish, but by the end of
the book we are left with a more
and even sympathetic personality.

Vital currents

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF GREEK VERSE edited by
Constantine A Trypanis/£1.10

GEORGE STEINER

"POETRY written in Greek con-
stitutes the longest uninterrupted
tradition in the Western world,"
says Professor Trypanis in the
introduction to this anthology of
Greek texts. "From Homer to the
present day not a single genera-
tion of Greeks has lived without
expressing its joys and sorrows in
verse, and frequently in verse of
outstanding originality and
beauty." Not only have Greek
poets given to western literature
almost all the poetic genres in
use to this day, but in the epic,
in verse drama, in the ode or the
epigram, their achievements have
yet to be surpassed.

In fact, this splendid volume
bears out only a part of Trypanis'
claim, and the wonder on which
it focuses is not really that of
chronological continuity. It is
difficult to locate anything that is
major poetry, let alone a spon-
taneous masterpiece, in the
isolated, often anonymous
voices between, say, Callimachus,
who died in c. 240 BC and Kostas
Palamas whose dates are 1859-
1943. Though Trypanis is a care-
ful advocate of Byzantine reli-
gious kontakia or far baroque
mystery plays of the seventeenth
century, the impression of a vast
hiatus from the first century BC
almost to our own age is inescap-
able.

It is just this which makes the
genius of modern Greek poetry
and the obvious relations of that
genius to the classic past so
remarkable. Neither Byzantine
Christianity nor the harsh cen-
sures of Frankish and Turkish
rule seem to have arrested spon-
taneous continuities of imagina-
tion, energies and change of
the articulate surface, towards a
distant national future. Only
Hebrew could provide a valid
counterpart.

Trypanis's choices from the
classics are both predictable and
persuasive. He has given us
set-pieces from Homer out of
which, quite literally, almost the
entirety of Western literature
from Caxton to Pound
derives: Achilles' horses, Priam
and Hector's slayer in the night-
shrouded tent, Nausicaa on the
shore, the shade of Ajax "burn-
ing still," Penelope's recognition
of Odysseus (but had that patient,
feline lady not recognised the
beggar from the start?) Much of
Sappho is included. There are

generous selections from Pindar
and the tragedians, including the
turbulent wonder of the Mes-
senger's recital from the Bacchae
and, to set beside it, the quiet of
the narrative of transfiguration
from Oedipus at Colonus. But
there are many less familiar
items, from Ibycus, from
Anacreon and, strikingly, from
Plato. Wherever one looks in
these first three hundred pages,
the sense of a culture wholly
crystallised in language, of a
freshness and, at the same time,
desirelessness of statement, un-
matched since, is overwhelming.

That impression comes again
with the last fifty pages. Cavafy's
"Waiting for the Barbarians,"
Seferis's "The King of Asine,"
"The Mad Pomegranate Tree" by
Elytis (the most recent of the poets
represented) are classics of con-
temporary Western literature. If
anything, Trypanis's anthology
of space to the moderns looks
quite thin. Seven pages for
Cavafy, eight for Seferis, as
against twenty-two for Palamas.
Neither Kazantzakis, the great
novelist and master of Democri-
tus, nor that brilliant poet Nikos
Gatsos are represented. Hence
a somewhat uneasy balance in
this volume between literary and
historical criteria. On the other
hand the Byzantine, medieval and
romantic texts have hardly been
available to the general reader
before this.

We are in a period of inspired
translation or interpretative
imitation. There is nothing in
the Trypanis anthology to rival
Arrowsmith's Aristophanes,
Robert Fitzgerald's Odyssey or
David Vellacott's Pindar, although
Brasillach's anthology of Greek
poetry in his own French trans-
lation remains indispensable. But
Trypanis has a very different aim:
"to help the reader of the
original to understand the text at
the points at which he finds it
difficult." This may be hopelessly
flattering to most of us, but it is
a perfectly cogent plan and the
prose translations at the bottom
of the page are often vivid in
their own right.

As one puts this inexhaustible
collection into one's pocket (a
large pocket), it is worth remem-
bering the sheer publishing skills
which lie behind it, the difficult
economics and the vision. Of
such is real civilisation made.

A selection for
holiday reading

PAPERBACK SHORT LIST

We Think The World of You
(25p) and My Father and Myself
(30p) both by J. R. Ackerley
(Penguin). Respectively a light,
travelling companion, written
a young man in jail, his ageing
friend Frank, and Johnny's dog-
loves destroyed by Frank's mother,
Johnny's stepfather and Johnny's
own slut of wife and, in "My
Father and Myself," a poignant
autobiography centred on his
father, once a respectable
bourgeois and the head of a
second, clandestine extra-marital
family.

Enderby Outside by Anthony
Burgess (Penguin 30p). Sequel
to "Inside Mr Enderby" where the
eponymous poet-hero was
purged of his creative leanings
and transformed into an ordinary
grey rat. Now, as a hard-boiled
he is framed for the killing of a
pop-singer, escapes to Morocco,
hunts his enemy Rawcliffe and
discovers his Muse. "Fast, fer-
ocious, and sardonically funny."
Miguel Street by V. S. Naipaul
(Penguin 30p). Miguel Street is
a doily thoroughfare in Port of
Spain, where the Trinidadian
child hero lives precariously
among bigamists, phoney
carpenters and poets, a firework
of a prolific Laura, a girl
children, seven fathers and
other eccentricities. Bright, gay
portrait gallery, more like a
surreal parade than a novel.
Elegy for a Revolutionary by
C. J. Driver (Penguin 30p). Fine,
hard-hitting novel by a South
African émigré. He supposes the
killing of a bloodless, a
campaign in the Republic: the
killing of an African watchman
wrecks the scheme, divides the
community and leads to a
full "confession." But the ethics
of treachery, as of politics, are
complex: who is ready to blame?

A Child of the Jago by Arthur
Harrison (Panther 35p). Vivid
and terrifying short novel, first
published in 1899, of a violent
enclave of Shoreditch, Dicky
Berrett, a street urchin, a
terrible slum environment: theft,
mugging, near starvation, vermin
and murderous brawls are the
story of a boy's life.
This Right Soft Lot by Edward
Blisben (Panther 30p). Auto-
biographical novel of seven years
in a badly built, badly staffed
South London Secondary school
whose inmates are tough,
reverted or terrified—sometimes
all three. Highlights are a school
play and a Sunday holiday
with the lugubrious Mr Bedrock.
Always gripping.

The Hand-Reared Boy by Brian
W. Aldrich (Corgi 25p). A
projected quartet of "fictitious
autobiography" running from the
thirties to the Sixties, and
concerning one Horace Stubbs.
The Hand-Reared Boy is about
Horace's precocious, almost
Rabelaisian sexuality and his
efforts to gratify it as an
adolescent. Well written, but it
does go on longer.

The Long Week-End by Robert
Graves and Alan Hodge (Penguin
50p). "The Living Story of the
Twenties and Thirties," admirably
entertainingly and shrewdly
assembled, a political, dramatic,
entertainment, the arts, crazes,
undergraduate follies, the Bright
Young Things and the terrible
armies of the unemployed. Stubbs
leading up to the Hitler War,
are reviewed with good humour
and without rose-tinted glasses.
Mozart and Schubert, by Albert
Einstein (Panther 30p). The
print is small but the service to
musical readers immense. Two
splendidly sympathetic clear-sighted
studies, not biographies—to
supplement ignorance and provoke
our own responses.

Pausanias' Guide to Greece trans-
lated and edited by Peter Levi
(Penguin 2 vols. 35p each).
Prosodic, certainly, but clear-sighted
and lucid. Pausanias, the brilliant
Pausanias, perambulating doggedly
2,000 years ago, provides a fascinat-
ing pre-echo for the modern
traveller; and Peter Levi's intro-
ductory and copious and helpful
annotations add a marvellously
knowledgeable contemporary voice
in one's ear.

"Archaic Greek Art" (Thames and
Hudson £10.50) mentioned last
week is published on August 23.

André Deutsch

DAVID CAUTE'S BRILLIANT TRILOGY

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Denis Potter, *The Times*.

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rarer than they should be in contemporary writing in
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The Sunday Telegraph.

JACQUES SOUSTELLE

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What further education is all about for school
leavers and where to find the best opportunities.
Pages 26 and 27.

Barking up the wrong tree

War hero, diplomat and novelist Romain Gary has
written an extraordinary book called *White Dog* (Cape,
£2.50)—it's part parable, part confession and part
novel. The 'white dog' of the title is an Alsatian trained
by white Southerners to savage blacks which wanders
one day into the Hollywood home of Gary and his actress
wife Jean Seberg. Gary uses the story of the dog's 're-
education' by a black militant to examine the role of
liberalism in contemporary America and his own integrity
as a novelist. 'It's a book about not understanding,' he
told Pooter of *The Times*, 'everything that happened in
it is true.' A bestseller in France, the book was praised by
Philip Toynbee in the *Observer* for 'its many high
qualities—its freshness of outlook, its wit, its general
panache; above all its ferocious common sense'.

Clear the Fast Lane

by Douglas
Rutherford (Collins £1.40).

Another of Mr Rutherford's
breakneck-driving jobs, the
journey this time being along
the 3,000 miles from Ostend to
Greece, in an AC 428 with a
refrigerated corpse in the boot.
A splendidly hectic trip with
many accidents as well as many
contrived, near-catastrophes on
the way out and on the way back.
In essence a boys' adventure
story, but admirably told.

The Marksman by Hugh C. Rae
(Constable £1.90). A good fierce
thriller, even if a shade porce-
lous in its attitudes and, at
times, in its descriptive matter,
too swampy. Weaver, a success-
ful robber temporarily retired in
Spain, returns to his native
Glasgow to avenge the hideous
murder of his 12-year-old son;
his search for the two brutish
responsible culminates in san-
guinary disaster for himself as
well as for them. Mr Rae gives
his villains an implausibly high
IQ, but they hold your attention
nonetheless.

SNOBBERY WITH VIOLENCE

by Colin Watson/Eyre & Spottiswoode
£2.50

EDMUND CRISPIN

Snobbery with Violence is
witty and engaging, with many
good incidental insights and with
a final chapter on the weary
tactics of James Bond which treats
that battered lay-figure with
great freshness and with abso-
lute freedom from *idées reçues*,
for or against. A pity, therefore,
that for so much of the book's
length so many of its discoveries
are so easily predictable.

Clear the Fast Lane by Douglas
Rutherford (Collins £1.40).
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breakneck-driving jobs, the
journey this time being along
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refrigerated corpse in the boot.
A splendidly hectic trip with
many accidents as well as many
contrived, near-catastrophes on
the way out and on the way back.
In essence a boys' adventure

10

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

WE MET Eric Geem, the scriptwriter whose riotous first novel, *Tolstoy Lives* in 12N B9, Weidenfeld & Nicolson published last week at £1.75. Unlike the comedians up front, who tend to be solemn creatures, the scriptwriters are a jolly lot. Certainly Geem is. He goes in for skylarks like taking out a writ against Billy Cotton for interfering with the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of his Saturday nights; and his latest is an advertisement in the Times absolving himself from any debts the Government may incur by joining the Common Market. He talks about the hang-ups of the comedians he's known, Hancock for instance, and says he doesn't think he's met many who are funny in themselves. What sometimes seems spontaneous is more often memory. That's what good comedians have: a good memory. Perhaps there is a genuinely funny man, says Geem, and that's Tommy Cooper, probably because he is just a little bit genuinely mad.

Geem seems fren from hang-ups himself, except that he thinks he'll have to go and live in New Zealand before the noise in Britain drives him out of his mind.

And he did have this thing about having to write a novel. He took a year off to do it, which could have been an expensive year since scriptwriters make a lot of money and generally speaking novelists don't.

As it happens, Ned Sherrin has already bought the film rights.

THE THINGS that mothers need to know are endless—how to get help in the house, where and how to shop, what to

Faith can move mountains. She's a big strong girl.

D. J. Walsh

Can a transatlantic

Revert to his former self

By putting the frock back?

Andrew Paul

do about holidays and what to do when the fuses blow or when you're ill. Then there are children's parties and what to do about them, clothes and schooling and earning pin money at home—no first-time mother could hope to have all the answers at her fingertips. Moira Keenan, formerly of *The Sunday Times* and now women's editor of *The Times*, has provided most of the answers in a new, revised and fuller edition of *Happy Families*, a Guide to Britain for Parents. The new edition is made even more useful by the inclusion of organisations and addresses from all over Britain. Published by the Garnstone Press, the book costs £1.80.

A NEW do-it-yourself pregnancy testing kit is on the market. It is called Apprelim (a rather corny amalgamation from the words apprehension and eliminated) and the tests it has undergone persuade us that there is none better.

It consists of two solutions which have to be mixed with a tiny urine sample. It can be used after 12 days following the time

of an expected period. The kit costs £3 and contains enough solution for three tests. It stores for two years. From Apprelim, P.O. Box 23, Redditch, Worcestershire.

THIS STORY comes from a student who is making holiday pin money selling clothes in Kensington High Street. It demonstrates a difference in shopping habits on the two sides of the Channel that the Common Market can never hope to obliterate.

A French woman came into the shop, selected a garment costing £7 and then set to work on the luckless student to get the price reduced. She presented an inventive variety of unconvincing reasons, from the creases the dress had collected at the folds to the extreme poverty which was her unhappy lot in life.

When she had finally perceived that the girl was powerless to reduce the price by one new penny, the French woman took out a wallet bulging with £10 notes and paid the £7 for the dress.



Do-it-yourself yogurt

YOGURT used to be strictly for the health faddists but now the British are swallowing over 260 million cartons a year. Children are particularly fond of it and it makes a nourishing and easy pudding when simply sprinkled with brown sugar, with some honey stirred into it or whisked up in the liquidiser with fruit. It is also a useful food for slimmers, having more protein

and less fat than the equivalent amount of milk.

What many of the British have not yet cottoned on to is that it can make delicious cold summer soups, can be used to thicken sauces, or as a salad dressing. Margaret Costa in this week's *Colour Magazine* gives many useful ideas.

Commercial yogurt is on the whole expensive and nothing like so nice as home-made yogurt. This week the *Sunday Times* offers readers a machine which comes complete with Bulgarian yogurt culture and full instructions for making up to 14 pints of yogurt at a time for a fraction of the cost of commercial

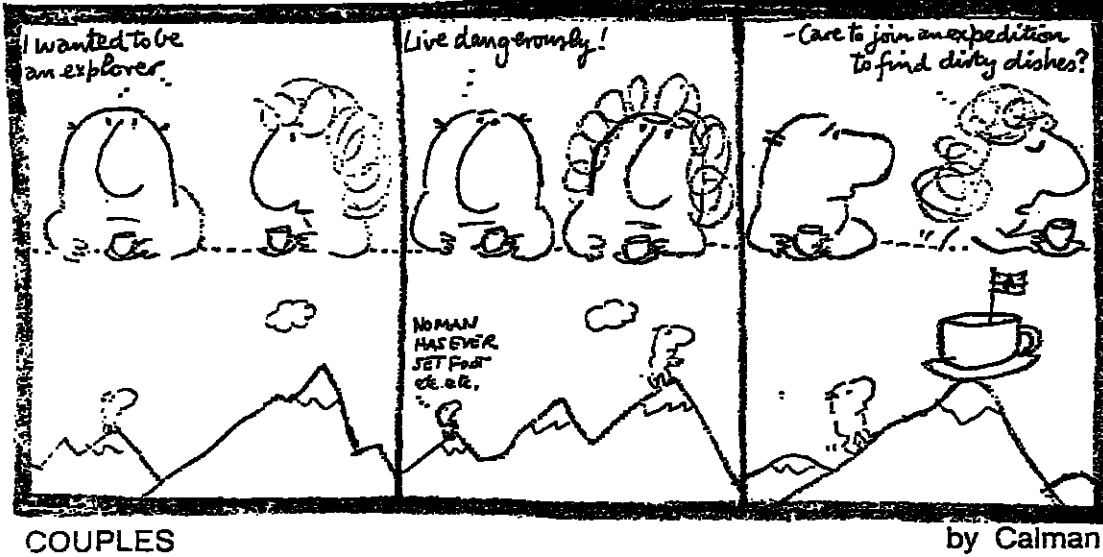
**SUNDAY TIMES
SPECIAL
OFFER**

Yogurt The machine costs £3.99 and should easily pay for itself within a very short time.

To make the yogurt is simply itself—boiled milk should be allowed to cool to finger temperature, the culture added and well mixed in. The machine is then plugged in and left for 12 hours the first time but for only five hours each succeeding time.

To order, please fill in this coupon clearly in block letters using a ball-point pen. The offer is open to readers in the UK only and up to three weeks should be allowed for delivery.
To: Yogomagic Offer, The Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London, WC9 9ET.
Please send Yogomagic £3.99 each including postage and packing. I enclose a cheque/money order No. for £..... crossed and made payable to "Times Newspapers Limited."

NAME
ADDRESS



COUPLES

by Calman

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When we started developing Persil Automatic we asked the machine-makers for their help. Because modern front-loaders don't like the rich lather which ordinary powders produce. It holds up the tumbling action and can even cause an overflow.

Persil Automatic lets the clothes tumble freely and gets them really clean. Use it full strength and it won't overflow. It won't strain the mechanism either.

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Persil Automatic is right for your front-loader. That's why every single maker of front-loaders recommends it. **Persil Automatic. Brings out the best in front-loaders.**

An open and shut case



WHEN IT COMES to discussion of that vital aspect of the Great Debate, should our licensing laws be brought into line with those of the Common Market countries, opinion holds no half measures.

There's Mr Maundling, who thinks the laws are "archaic," and if a Home Secretary publicly considers a law to be that, then it must indeed be a curious relic. To put words into action, he promptly appointed the Erroll Committee to consider reform, and this it is now doing. It conducted its first field research last week with what Lord Erroll described as a "convivial" tour of some of Sheffield's 533 pubs.

Then there's the Association of Municipal Corporations which, while not noted for uninhibited imbibery, wants drinking to be permitted from 9 am through to 2 am.

And there's the Licensed Victuallers, whose London Central Board secretary claims this would mean beer at 50p a pint. "There's no evidence to suggest that the British public want the pub to become a cross between a bistro, an estaminet, or a biergarten," he says, thus conveniently ignoring all those British tourists flocking to bistros, estaminets, and biergartens. And, more to the point, assuming that Continental hours would mean the end of the British way of pub.

The Erroll Committee can consider evidence to the contrary. This is the experience of British pubs which already run on Continental lines—on the Continent, Paris, Brussels, and The Hague all boast them, for instance. Allied Breweries, which has taken over Holland's second biggest brewery, is concerned with three in Rotterdam alone.

The Double Diamond was the first to open there, some 18 months ago. It is furnished in a Victorian idiom—from a bulldozed London pub—right down to its snob bar, stag heads and crinkled advertisements for 1 gill of gumption 4d, and meals, pot luck 8d. It is in mellow contrast to the drab modernity and energetic statues of central Rotterdam.

The hospitable landlord, George Olman, has already found it sufficiently successful to follow up with a discotheque Dive Bar and, in June, with the Big Ben, a handsome and palatial pub under Rotterdam's own clock tower. There is a cheerful terrace, music, a dartboard (the Dutch try to play underarm) and, served all through the day, coffee and food of an interesting nature. Devils on Horseback, for instance, which is something satanic to do with prunes and mango chutney.

The pubs are open from 10 am to 1 am and one hour later at weekends, but not every bar of each pub will operate all this time. The staff work a shift system, 45 hours a week, and serve both at the bar and to the tables. A customer is given a single bill for all his drinks, which saves time in handling money. Drinks are expensive, but there is value added tax and a generally higher cost of living in the Netherlands. Double Diamond is 30p a pint.

One British exile in the city makes the point: "I see less drunkenness here than I do in

THE FIRST time I began to take any notice of Jilly was in the summer of '51 by the side of Bley municipal swimming pool. She must have been about thirteen at the time. I heard one northern matron say to another: "Really I do think it's time Jilly's mother made her wear a top." The scene is engraved on my heart—a laughing little girl dabbling her feet in the water and already at that age incurring the kind of disapproval which seems to follow her wherever she goes.

Over ten years later I married her. Now cast in the role of her husband I live half in the goldfish bowl, half out of it, a sort of social amphibian.

Not long after Jilly first started to write for the *Sunday Times*, a fat white lady deposited herself, like a leaden swan, next to me on the sofa at a singularly boring party in Finchley.

"And how do you like being Mr Jilly Cooper?" she hissed. "Until that moment I had never given the matter a thought. The sudden realisation that this was how some people regarded me, and indeed, how others thought I regarded myself, came as a profound shock. More recently I have had to accept that there are some who believe that I don't exist at all. The other day the phone rang:

"Jilly Cooper, please," said a voice of indeterminate sex. "Who is that speaking?" I said.

"Never you mind," replied the voice.

I replaced the receiver. On the other hand those who do acknowledge my existence regard me with either sympathy or extreme pity. A woman came up to us at a party not long ago and said, glaring at Jilly: "So this is your husband," and then added to me, "you poor dear."

Certainly many of the people who write to Jilly seem to have got the impression that I live out my days caught between the Gorbals and one of those freezing slums where they are allowed to see at Pompeii. In fact I don't think my life is very different from that of countless other people living in small houses in London, trying to make a living and bringing up lots of children and cats.

Many of their letters too suggest that I am long suffering and even of great goodness. Others suggest that I sit around all day in a pink jock-strap talking about knickers and my first wife.

Some berate Jilly for revealing too much about her private life

As Jilly Cooper is taking a well-earned rest, we asked her husband Leo the question every one of her readers must have asked. What is it like living with Jilly? Here is the answer



but in fact she writes very much less about it than other things. It is just that when she does write about the domestic scene more people than usual seem to become irritated. Perhaps they resent happiness in others but they need not worry on my behalf.

The relationship does sometimes come under siege. Jilly was once pursued by an ageing mandarin from the book trade who would appear on our doorstep armed with bottles of champagne and wearing, hopefully, co-responsible shoes. I think he thought that Fulham was in the country.

Another time she was pounced on by a distinguished novelist in a taxi but was found not to be plying for hire. Nothing like that ever happens to me.

We come into contact with some distinguished people, though. Only the other day at some party or other, I had just avoided shaking hands with Mr Heath and was altering course towards the drinks table when I heard Jilly assuring him that he was doing a grand job, which must have been an enormous encouragement to him.

Last week the phone rang and a voice said: "Hello, Gurley Brown here." Just like that. It reminds me of one of those encyclopaedia ads which promise you that "A host of the world's most dazzling personalities will march through your lounge."

Obviously the idea of our domestic scene really troubles some people. As I write this Jilly, wrapped up in one of the baby's cot blankets, is standing in the kitchen stirring boiling cabbage with a teaspoon. She is gazing out into the garden, whose early spring promise has been obscured by weeds and inertia. There stands the gram in which I believe the baby is lying, although I have not actually seen her this morning. In the dining room two 14-year-old girls, one of whom I do not recognise, are playing Canasta. From upstairs comes the sound of illicit hammering and running water which means that our son is alive and well. Three cats are asleep—a jumble of tabby fur in a pool of sunlight by the window.

In her own room, the nannie sits serenely, crocheting rainbow-coloured waistcoats for other diminutive Australians. Looking outside the overflowing dustbin, I can see three plates of unconsumed cat food, washed from a recent rain storm, waiting to be cleared up by me or by some neighbouring tom cat who, having gorged himself, will then sink into the house and regurgitate it all in the bath.

Every 30 seconds or so, Heathrow bound, a jet roars low overhead blotting out for a blissful moment the vibrant soul music from the house next door. In half an hour three people (Jilly thinks) are due for drinks, but she can't remember who they are; any more than she remembered that the people who came to dinner two nights ago were coming until they rang the bell.

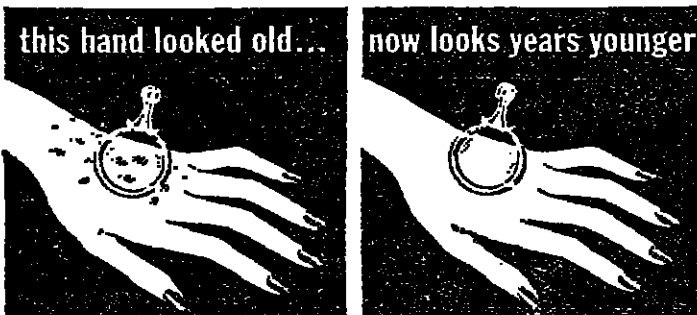
Yesterday, while I was in the house the telephone rang 17 times. Three times for my daughter, four times for the nannie (probably Australians inquiring after their waistcoats), two wrong numbers and one for me asking why I had not turned up to play in cricket match.

The rest were for Jilly: mostly long and mercifully unheard diatribes from the caller punctuated by gasps of simulated horror from Jilly as some girl friend reported, no doubt with gory details, the dreadful things that yet another man/husband/parent/boss had done the day before.

A normal Saturday at the Coopers. At the moment, although Jilly does not know it, the receiver is off the hook.

On the other hand, I'm not, and I'm glad.

Weathered brown age spots? new cream fades them away



Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. A new cream called Esoterica fades them away, as it moisturizes, lubricates the skin. Masses of pigment break up, roughness disappears, your skin looks clearer, younger. Esoterica works equally well on hands, face, arms and neck. If you want your skin fairer, younger looking, start using Esoterica. Original Price £1.68.

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Obtainable from Boots and chemists everywhere.

They said that Goebbels couldn't do a proper goose-step. But that was only propaganda.

Guy Rowston

Be warned my peach—If you make a date To pear off with a nut like him, He'll prune down the edges Of an otherwise plum affair.

David Gibbons

LOOK!

A good time had by all

In closely-knit communities, old traditions survive. Such a community are the porters of Covent Garden, where births, deaths and marriages are celebrated spectacularly. LESLEY GARNER reports.

IT WAS the last of the great Drury Lane socialite weddings. Mr Osborne, who sold bananas in Short's Gardens, said so and his friend Ron, who was missing an afternoon's racing to be there, agreed with him. Down the table the butcher from Seven Dials and his friend Ted had eased their jackets off, the better to tackle the soup, and warmed by food, friendship and white wine, the entire company was singing, between mouthfuls, "Mamie" and "Me and my Shadow" and "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morn'-hor-hornin'." While the bridegroom's grandmother rose from her seat at the top table and accompanied them on the spoons.

Beverley Margaret Ellis from Drury Lane, Covent Garden and James William John Kerns, a foreigner from Euston ("You'll see the difference later," said Junior Johnny Cracknell, the bride's ebullient stepfather. "They even talk different from us") were married at 4 o'clock in Saint Giles' Church, Holborn.

Beverley arrived in a horse-drawn carriage, dressed in yards of pale chestnut and white lace, her skirts bunched into a great train. Her bridesmaids carried fluffy white parasols and wore mauve lace dresses and white sash-belts with lace frills like consecutive waves on a seashore. And when Mr and Mrs Kerns emerged, the sun shone brilliantly and bus-loads of tourists, stuck in traffic jams outside the church, whirled their cameras.

A slightly desperate master of ceremonies at the Tavistock Rooms did his best to organise a reception line and tried to net the guests and pin formal names on them before the fine swallowed them up with affectionate cries of "It's Granny Ellis—hello love—oh, hello Aunt Nellie." Ladies in glittering sheath



Junior Johnny Cracknell welcomes the sun after the rain as his newly-wed stepdaughter leaves the church

dresses and split skirts with hot pants and satin cocktail dresses punctuated with orchids had shed their special wedding hats—universal cartwheels of tulle and lace. And Junior Johnny Cracknell, who was footling the simply enormous bill, swept round the tables in a grey morning coat, beaming from behind his glasses with the satisfaction and pleasure of a man who can be seen to be doing everyone very proud.

"There's dinner later," he said. "And a party. There'll be a few turns, you'll see. And there's plenty of gear—we're only here for the beer."

At 6.30 we all descended to a mirror-lined ballroom where dinner-jacketed bandmen played violins beneath ceiling grilles plaited with plastic flowers. Gladioli stood sentry guard over tables laid with neatly dissected portions of mutton, and the mutton was followed by asparagus soup and the asparagus soup was followed by a dish which caused

the gentlemen who would have stood up then but are afraid of their wives.

The bridegroom's father made a speech about how Bev had wanted to be a princess and they were doing their best to make her feel like one, and the bridegroom was overcome with emotion during his speech and infected his mother with tears and everyone liked that.

"Oh, he's crying," said warm-hearted lady guests, nudging each other. "Isn't that lovely, eh?"

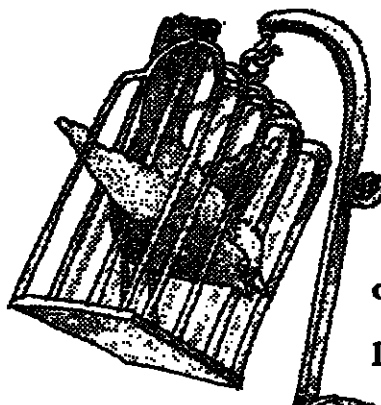
"Seven and three quarters," said Junior Johnny Cracknell, when we had staggered from the tables and gone upstairs in search of more gear. He'd changed out of his tails and the groom and ushers had put on floral shirts—only the bride kept on her wedding clothes. When everyone went back to the ballroom and the dancing started with spot waltzes and Gay Gordons and the Twist,

and the kids were racing round chasing balloons with "Bev and John" printed on them, there were even people to be seen wearing carpet slippers with woolly pompoms on, snuggled in for the occasion. You never saw a crowd of people so determined to relax and feel at home and have a really good time.

Nobody got home till two. There was more than one person who fancied standing up with the band and singing and as I left, the ballroom was rich with green, red, blue light shining on demonic rings of dancers doing "Knees Up Mother Brown"—Children and teenagers and grannies, all capering and swaying and skipping round the floor.

And in the ladies' cloakroom a little old attendant in a black dress sat guard over two shelves delicately loaded with tulle and lace cartwheel hats—cyclamen pink and sweet-pea mauve and white, settled there like exhausted butterflies.

This is no way to apply for the housekeeping.

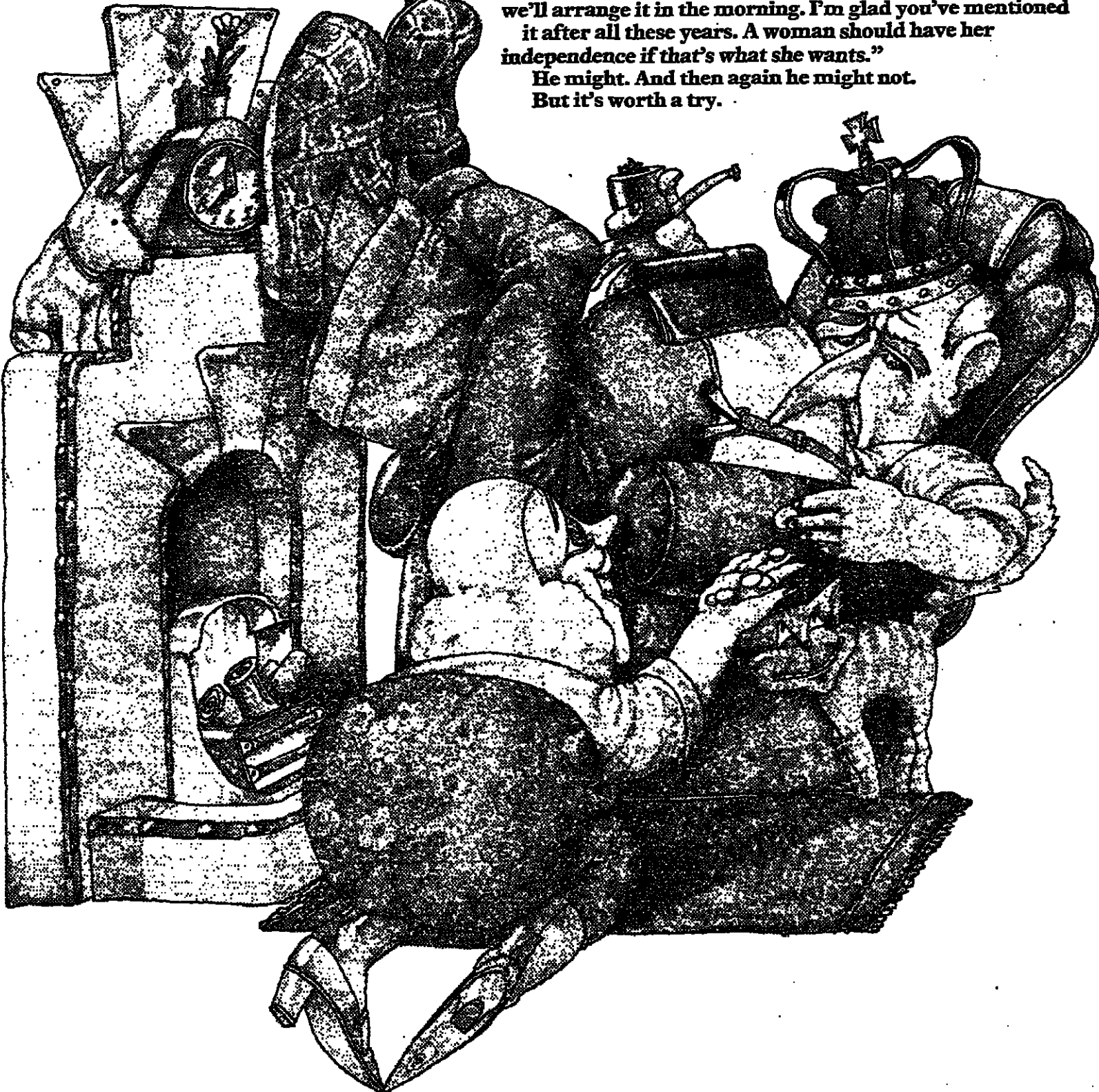


It's 1971. Mrs. Pankhurst chained herself to the railings some years ago. If your husband is still inclined to be a bit Edwardian about the housekeeping, you ought to rebel. Put your foot down. Tell him you want control over the household affairs and not so much of the nonsense.

A separate account at the National Westminster. Your own cheque book. Your own standing orders. Your own statements. Otherwise you'll tie yourself to the front door and let the neighbours think what they like.

He'll probably say: "What an excellent idea, my love, we'll arrange it in the morning. I'm glad you've mentioned it after all these years. A woman should have her independence if that's what she wants."

He might. And then again he might not. But it's worth a try.



National Westminster Bank
Simply there to help

LOOK!

Taking too much cover?

ARE YOU PAYING too much money every time you go on holiday? Over a million people may be doing this because of confusion about insurance.

Proper cover abroad is, of course, quite vital and insurance companies offer package policies at around £1 to £1.50 per person for a fortnight, usually covering medical expenses, loss of luggage and money, and personal accident benefits. But few who sell these policies bother to point out that householders and their families may already be covered against part of the risk.

Many careful house owners insure themselves against loss of possessions as an extension of their ordinary domestic policies. This means that if they take out a holiday policy which insures them against loss of baggage they may be wasting their money.

The law, which insists that nobody should be allowed to profit from his disasters, so no matter how many premiums a person pays, he can never recover more than the value of his lost property. Indeed, if a customer insures himself twice over against loss and then incurs that loss, the insurance companies begin to wonder whether or not it was intentional. If two companies cover the same risk it is up to

INSIGHT

Consumer Unit

them to decide the proportions paid by each to meet the loss, and between them they will be certain not to go over the top.

Since the companies usually do not bother to ask whether baggage is double-insured until the claim filing stage, it is clearly up to the customer to avoid falling into their trap in the first place.

The first step for the householder is to check whether his domestic policies include "all risks" cover. The next and equally important step is to see just what is included in this since the extent of the cover can vary widely. Options which may or may not have been taken up commonly include cover for individually valued pieces of jewellery, fur, cameras, and other precious things together with general cover to a fixed amount for clothing and personal belongings. Options may include cover for money and cheques and for foreign travel. Some policies do not provide this.

It is quite essential to read the small print and make sure your domestic policy really offers what you want before beginning to cut down on duplicated holiday insurance. And people tend to think they are better covered than they are. According to a Consumer Council survey published last year, 62 per cent of householders thought they had all risks covered. The insurance men say the real figure is about 5 per cent. Since all risks cover protects all members of a household, this means that 1½ million people are covered while 15 million think they are. It is only the 1½ million who should contemplate cutting down.

This can be done by using holiday or travel insurance which allows you to drop unwanted components. Examples are the schemes run for motorists by the AA and RAC. These allow a customer to omit cover for baggage, personal injury, medical expenses and so forth. And one final point—do not rely too heavily on your car insurance for baggage cover. Claims for loss of belongings from a car are often limited to £50 or less and may involve loss of your no-claims bonus.

Woman's Role

A weekly selection of quotations which do tend to show that Women's Lib has a long way to go before traditional attitudes to women are changed.

SOME lessons I've learned. About the opposite sex: that women are human like the rest of us but their minds run on different lines—parallel ones that never meet.

Disc-jockey Terry Wogan in *Woman*. The quality and price of street girls diminish as you move westward. Lately even here on Lexington the merchandise has become sharply divided into three classes.

Report on New York, *Evening Standard*.

It is my belief that the mass of modern women reject independent careers to avoid work and escape the harsh realities of the world. That is why women's intelligence stops growing when they have babies.

Sociologist David Allen in *Weekend*.

Pruning meal costs

THIS WEEK'S cheap recipe, selected by Caroline Conran from the 1,000 sent us in our competition, is for prune stuffed lamb. It was sent in by Pamela Nicholas, of Rivermead, Wood Green, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, who wins £2.

For 4 people: 1½ lb prunes, 2 breasts of lamb, salt and pepper, 1 onion, 1 lemon, 4oz fresh white breadcrumbs, 3oz lard.

Put prunes in a bowl, cover with cold water and soak overnight. Next day drain prunes, stone and cut them up. Bone the meat and season with salt and pepper. Set oven at slow, 325 deg. (Mark 3).

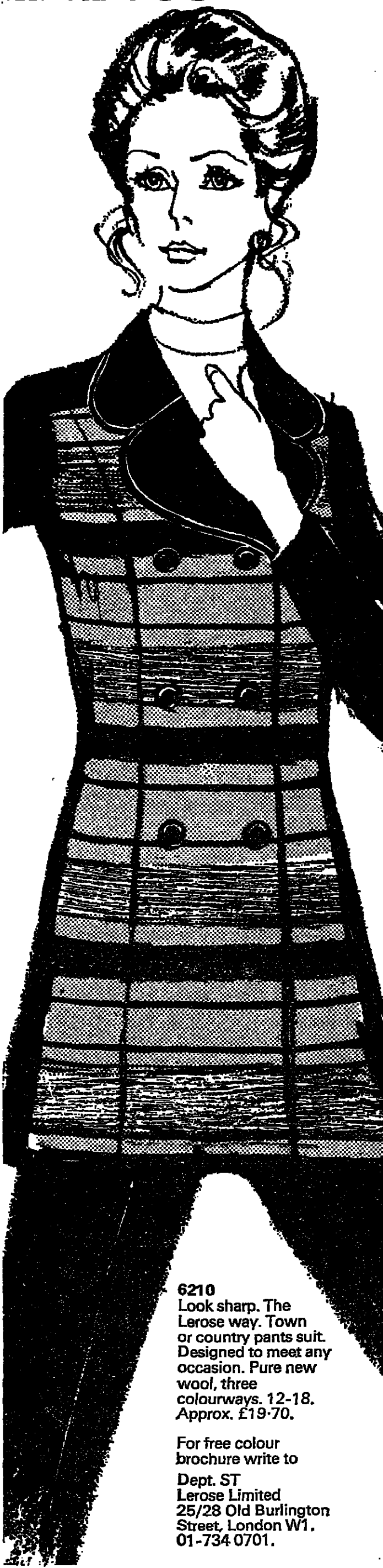
Skin onion and chop finely. Melt 1oz lard in pan, add the onion and cook gently for 5 minutes, or until the onion is soft and golden. Drain well. Put breadcrumbs, onion and a little salt and pepper in a basin. Wash and dry lemon. Grate rind and squeeze out and strain juice. Add rind to breadcrumbs with sufficient juice to bind. Stir in the chopped prunes.

Put each breast of lamb fat side down on working surface and spread with the stuffing. Roll up both pieces of meat tightly and secure with clean thin string. Put meat in a roasting tin and dot with remaining lard.

Roast in the centre of oven for 1½ hours or until the meat is very well done and the outside fat is crisp. Remove the string and slice the meat. Serve hot with green vegetables or cold with salad.

Another recipe next week.

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The Registrar, Ref. AB111
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As Part II Options of the External London University B.Sc. (Hon.) Degree.
Full details of these courses are obtainable from: The Admissions Office, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, at College Road, Stoke-on-Trent, ST4 2DE, or Beckenside, Stafford.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the

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Leeds Polytechnic

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By Alex Finer

THERE IS good news this week for student scientists searching for places on degree and diploma courses at polytechnics and technical colleges. Many vacancies on full-time and sandwich courses are still unfilled (see chart).

Continued expansion of degree and other advanced courses this year also gave students a wider choice of colleges offering the traditional science subjects. The number of unusual vocational courses, which cannot be found in other sectors of higher education, has also increased.

The Council for National Academic Awards (CNA) now has 230 courses leading to BSc degrees at more than 40 colleges and polytechnics. And despite hopes expressed by poly directors that they will soon grant their own degrees, the CNA degree continues to spread.

This year, for example, Glasgow College of Technology offers its first CNA degree course - in ophthalmic optics. The CNA degree is equivalent to a university degree and standards are zealously maintained. Mr F. R. Hornby, chief officer for the Council, says: "To keep the educational quality of our high-respected degrees, we are very tough in approving new courses."

A total of 64 new degree courses will start this autumn, more than half of them in science subjects. One novel inter-disciplinary course is the BSc degree in chemistry with business administration or German. This is offered for the first time at Kingston Poly and reflects future Common Market career opportunities.

Students taking the German language option will spend five months of their industrial training in the chemical industry in Germany.

Up to 50 new Higher National Diploma (HND) courses are included in the 315 HND courses available around the country this autumn. Because of the parallel expansion of degree and diploma courses, diploma students at some colleges and polytechnics have the chance to transfer to degree courses if they do particularly well during their first year. Students should ask about transfer possibilities before enrolment.

One rapidly developing field is catering and dietetics. The new degree course in catering at Huddersfield Poly includes two lengthy periods away from the college engaged in practical training. Students will study biological chemistry, statistics, and computer science during the early part of the course, and acquire a broad knowledge of nutrition food chemistry, food processing

The Sunday Times DEGREE SERVICE



and human behaviour in catering situations.

POLY CHIEFS recently expressed concern at the lack of academic co-operation from universities, but technical colleges and polytechnics often work together closely. During a new nautical studies course at Sunderland Poly this year, students will study frequently at the South Shields Marine and Technical College.

Mr Dennis Lynch, head of the Department of Naval Architecture at Sunderland, says: "The combined resources of the two colleges provide excellent facilities and conditions." Subjects studied include ship tectonics (the study of the ship as a physical entity) and marine cybernetics (the study of the ship, and personnel in its cargo-carrying capacity). Nautical studies courses are also offered at Liverpool and Plymouth Polys.

Popular standard subjects have not suffered from the growth of unusual courses: there are now, for example, 30 CNA mathematics degrees, and 41 HNDs are available in these subjects. Among the 19 CNA degree courses in civil engineering are new sandwich courses at Dundee College of Technology and North East London Poly. Twenty courses in civil engineering lead to Higher National Diplomas at colleges which include Wigan and District Mining Technical and Central London Poly.

For full details of the variety of courses offered in the science field and individual course vacancies for this autumn students should contact their local advisory officer. He will be able to make all necessary arrangements to enrol students. Nearly 300 officers in England, Wales and Northern Ireland operate this degree service which is organised by the Department of Education and Science and local authorities.

Phone numbers for local advisory officers can be obtained from the local education authority or from the Department of Education and Science, Room 107, Curzon Street, London, W1Y 8AA (but not from The Sunday Times). Scotland does not participate in the degree service, but students can get information from the Scottish Education Department, 8 George Street, Edinburgh.

Next week, The Sunday Times Degree Service looks at some new arts courses.

College	Civil Engineering	Electrical Engineering	Mech./Prod. Engineering	Physics (General)	Physics (Special)	Chemistry	Physics	Maths	Catering
Aberdeen									
Birmingham									
Birmingham C of Food									
Blackburn									
Blackpool									
Bolton									
Bournemouth									
Brighton Poly									
Brighton TC									
Bristol Poly									
Bromsgrove									
Cambridge									
Cardiff									
Chatham									
Chelmsford									
Chesham									
Chesterfield									
Chester									
Crawley									
Derby									
Eastham Cheshire									
Exeter									
Farnborough									
Flintshire									
Glasgow									
Glasgow Poly									
Glasgow C of Ed									
Grimby									
Guilford									
Huddersfield									
Hull									
Hull C of T									
Ipswich									
Leeds Poly									
Leeds Poly									
Leeds Poly									
Liverpool Poly									
Liverpool C of Ed									
Liverpool TC									
London									
Manchester C of Ed									
Manchester Poly									
Manchester Holdings									
Nottingham									
Newport Mod									
N Staffs Poly									
Nottingham									
Oldham									
Oldham Poly									
Peterborough									
Plymouth Poly									
Portsmouth									
Princes									
Radbrook									
Reading									
St Helena									
Sheffield Poly									
Slough									
Southampton									
S Devon									
Stockport									
Sunderland Poly									
Sunderland									
Teesside Poly									
Trent Poly									
Warrington									
Watford									
Wigan									
Wolverhampton Poly									
Wrexham									
Greater London									
Central London Poly									
City of London Poly									
Enfield									
Hendon									
Harlow									
NE London Poly									
North London Poly									
South Essex Poly									
SE London TC									
Thames Poly									
Twickenham									
Willesden									
Scotland									
Dundee									

V on the chart indicates main subjects in which colleges had vacancies last week on specific degree or HND courses. Local advisory officers can provide details on the above chart, as well as other minor or mixed subject courses which are not included in the above chart.

The POLYTECHNIC of NORTH LONDON

The Polytechnic of North London has been formed by the amalgamation of the Northern Polytechnic and North-Western Polytechnic, resulting in the creation of one of the largest Polytechnics in the country. The new combined Polytechnic will run a wide range of courses in the Session 1971/72 and these are summarised below.

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University of London External degrees:

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BSc (Special) Geography

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BA General in Economics, History and Law

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HND in Electrical and Electronic Engineering (Full-time)

Technician Engineers course (Two-year Full-time)

Home Economics, Dietetics and Institutional Management

HND in Institutional Management (Sandwich)

IMA Certificate (One-year Abridged Course) in Institutional Management (Full-time)

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NCHE Diploma in Home Economics (Full-time)

Nutrition, Kitchen Supervision and Organisation courses (Part-time)

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Polymer (Rubbers and Plastics) Technology
MPhil and PhD by research in Polymers

BSc Honours Polymer Science and Technology (CNA)

Associateship of the Institution of the Rubber Industry (AIRI)

Thames Polytechnic

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